斯人將自秦之地而來

"These from the Land of Sinim."—Isaiah 49:12.

CHINESE SUPPLEMENT TO THE FRIEND.

New Series, Vol. 31, No. 5.} HONOLULU, APRIL 1, 1882. {Old Series, Vol. 39.

For China.

The field is large;
With tearful eyes we scan it o'er—
We can but scan it, Lord, no more,
It is so large.

With bird's eye view
We see its acres of hard fallow soil,
Its need of earnest soul and body toil
The work to do.

We hear a cry—
"O God, the laborers are few;"
It comes from loyal hearts and true,
E'en though they sigh.

Who heareth it?—
Let every one with opened ears,
Who in his heart the message hears,
Go answer it.—*Missionary Record.*

An Appeal to the Christian Church.

At the late Jubilee meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales held at Manchester, an address of remarkable interest was made by Rev. Griffith John, for twenty-six years in the service of the London Missionary Society at Hankow, China From the address, as given in the *Nonconformist*, we make the following extracts:—*Missionary Herald for March.*

"It was our first treaty with China, in Nankin, in 1842, that began to open the country to merchants and missionaries. I mention the missionary not because he was thought of by the plenipotentiaries at the time, but because I see in that event the finger of God, and a Divine purpose infinitely superior to that of saturating China with opium, or even British manufactures. At this time real missionary work began to be done, but at the same time the missionary could not but feel that the sphere of his operation was exceedingly circumscribed. When I arrived in 1855, there were only five spots in the whole Empire at which the missionary could pitch his tent. The vast interior was closed against him. He might go wherever he pleased, but he must be back again within twenty-four hours. It was the last treaty of 1860 that opened China; and it is during the last ten or twenty years that our work has succeeded in that Empire at all. That treaty not only added nine new ports to the preceding five, but also threw the whole Empire open so far as the right of travelling is concerned, and, at the present time there is only one province whose capital is closed against us—Honan. Some centuries ago Xavier, the greatest missionary of Rome to the East, attempted to enter China but failed; and he could only exclaim with his dying breath, 'Rock, rock, when wilt thou open.' About forty years ago, God, in His mysterious providence, smote the rock, and it trembled, and it shook, and it yawned; and a few missionaries rushed in, but were not allowed to go far. About twenty years ago God smote that rock again, and it sank and disappeared; and now we may go up into the land, every man straight before him, and possess it. This I say, is God's doing, and it is marvellous in our sight. And what are the voices that we hear at this time? I do not know what voices you hear; but I do know the voices that we ought to hear. In the first place we ought to hear that voice from yonder throne, high and lifted up—the voice of God, ringing in all our churches and saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' and from these churches we ought to hear ten thousand voices rising in gladsome response, saying, 'Here am I; send me.'"

Words of Encouragement.

We quote a few words from a letter recently received from our esteemed correspondent, the Rev. Dr. Happer of Canton:

"I am especially interested in the Quarterly Supplement to the FRIEND for January, giving a history of the work for the Chinese in the past and the plans for the future. Please receive my congratulations on this new departure. May you yet see glorious results, of which the plans suggested by the Committee are but a faint foreshadowing. I confess I have had serious misgivings in regard to such a crowd getting into the Islands, but this wise and discreet proposition of the Christian people, to enter upon earnest effort for the conversion of the Chinese, inspires me with new hopes and expectations in regard to the result of this people's residence in Hawaii. The work there may well enlist your deepest sympathies, and call forth your most laborious efforts. You will always have my best wishes and prayers, and any thing I can do to help you or the work will be cheerfully done."

BOOKS ON CHINA AND THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.—Thinking that some of our readers may be interested to enlarge their knowledge of China, we propose from time to time to give the titles of different works bearing upon China, and Chinese affairs, which can be ordered from England, China, or America.

Williams' "Middle Kingdom." Speer's "Chinese and the United States." Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese." "Chinese Repository. (Several bound volumes of this interesting Magazine can be consulted at the Honolulu Library.) Martin's 'The Chinese."

We give below the titles of a few books which would be of assistance to any one desirous of obtaining a knowledge of the dialects spoken here. It is known to many, that two principal dialects are spoken here, the Punti, of which the purest variety is that used in Canton city, and the Hakka. The lattter dialect has been little studied by foreigners:

"A Hand book of the Canton Vernacular of the Chinese Language," by N. B. Dennys. "The Household Companion and Student's First Assistant." (Cantonese) by Dr. Devan. "Easy Lessons in Chinese," (Canton Dialect) by Dr. Williams, (we are not sure, however, that this most useful book can now be obtained.) "Phrase Book." (Cantonese) by Dr. Kerr. "Dictionary," (Cantonese and English) by Dr. Chalmers. "Easy Sentences in the Hakka Dialect," by J. Dyer Ball.

AT the approaching communion five persons are hoping to unite with the Church. Two of these, a man and his wife, will bring also their three little ones for baptism.

EXTENT OF CHINA.

"When any other heathen is converted, a soul is saved, but when a Chinaman is converted, a power is gained." This was the response of a Christian giver, when asked by the Rev. Mr. Wilson of Edinburgh to support of another mission-field, and the response proves that Christian was far more acquainted than the vast majority of our fellow-countrymen with the character of the Chinese, their present condition and their future greatness. Every statesman who has had official dealings in India and China declares that our East Indian subjects are not to be compared to the Chinese in intellectual endowments and mental vigour. And no one who knows aught of Asia need be told that of all Asiatic peoples the Chinese are far the most industrious and persevering.

The enormous extent of that one country called China, and the vast masses of its population, demand such large figures as to cause a gaping wonder, instead of a definite picture and a rounded conception. Any one can write down the figures 400,000,000, but no one can form the most remote notion of the meaning of those nine figures; yet they represent the rough estimate of the population of China. I confess I was very sceptical as to this enormous number—considerably more than that of all Europe. I therefore made all possible investigation to ascertain as nearly as could be an approximation to the truth. And, as detailed at length in "The Manchus," I have come to the conclusion that there must certainly be as many as 400,000,000 Chinese now living within the bounds of the eighteen provinces of China. Bare figures cannot give one a mental grasp of the population of China, a few illustrations and comparisons will be given to help to form a picture of its extent, though that picture be still a hazy one.

In China proper there are 1500 cities, surrounded by high walls and fortifications. Each of these is the seat of a Chinese sheriff or judge, and is in China what a country town is here. Under the jurisdiction of each city are other unwalled towns and numerous villages, containing a large population, dependent for a livelihood on the beautiful and very fertile lands which they themselves own and work. When coming to this country, it took us one day and a half to steam down to Chefoo, nearly three days thence to Shanghai, six days from Shanghai to Amoy, and more than one day from Amoy to Hong Kong. From Newchwang, the most northerly port, to Hong Kong, the most southerly, we spent fully eleven days in steaming down the Chinese east coast—a longer time than is necessary to cross to New York. Though our steamers are not the fastest, this illustration will give an idea of the enormous extent of the Chinese sea-board. Its breadth from east to west is little less than this length. That third of China which is furthest south produces all the tea, and the finer varieties of silk which come to this country. Tea is grown usually on hills which are too rocky or precipitous to produce rice, which flourishes where there is strictly speaking no winter. Where a flake of snow is seen the tea plant will not thrive and the silk worm dies. In the season of winter, the southerners grow their wheat and vegetables of various kinds, the summer and harvest being so hot that these will not grow; but that heat gives two crops of rice. While the people of Amoy are growing their green crops in the cool season of winter, we in Newchwang have four months of almost continuous frost. Our magnificent tidal river, the Liao, is covered with a thickness of three feet of ice, over which there is so constant a trafic of heavy carts, that I have seen in the end of February, ruts of nearly a foot deep made by the cart wheels. The extremely productive millets which grow with us—one variety yielding 800-fold, and the smaller 8000-fold, are far more nutricious than rice, Providence having so ordered it that the grain produced in a certain climate is adapted exactly to the needs of that climate. This great difference in the climate of the one China will give, in another aspect, an idea of its enormous extent.

Every day there are 36,000 Chinese souls passing into eternity. The Chinese who die in four months equal the population of Scotland, and in two years and a half as many Chinese drop into their grave as there are inhabitants in great Britain and Ireland. To any one who is a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ; to any one who believes in eternity, in the reward of holiness and the doom of sin, this will appear the most appalling fact which I can lay before my readers. For had we all done our duty, those would every one have heard of Jesus, who came to take away the sin of the world. But they died in an ignorance which we could and should have removed. If we sleepily refused to "go and preach" to those who have passed away, let not sinful spiritual slumber prevent us doing what we can for those still remaining. All the ports, from Canton in the south to Chefoo and Tientsin in the north, are well supplied with missionaries; but the port of Newchwang, with its enormous province and populous neighbors, is all but entirely forgotten; and the vast interior provinces are equally ill provided. There are in Manchuria which is outside of China proper, though peopled chiefly by Chinese, two dozen Romish priests and a dozen nuns, but only three Protestant missionaries.—*U. P. Missionary Record.*

Rev. William L. Richards.—In reading the life-sketch of the late Rev. W. Richards, American Missionary on these Islands and first Minister of Public Instruction, we have met with the following beautiful tribute to his son, a Missionary to China:

"The eldest son *William L.*, was adopted by President Brown of Jefferson College, Penn, After graduating there, and spending one year in the University of New York, he became a member of the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., and in the autumn of 1847 went as a Missionary to China. His father, to whom he was most tenderly attached, died at the Sandwich Islands, about the time of the son's embarkation; but the tidings did not reach him until his arrival in China the spring following. His anxiety to do his whole duty to his widowed mother and two younger sisters, and at the same time to accomplish the work he had commenced in China; his reconsideration of the question whether he should labour in China or in the Sandwich Islands, together with the oppressive heat of the climate, all tended to impair his health and induce a hemorrhage from which he never recovered. He died on his homeward passage, and was buried in the ocean off St. Helena, on the fifth of June 1851. He had acquired a good knowledge of the Chinese language in the short period of three years, and had used it, to good purpose, both in preaching and in oral instruction."—*Dr. Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit, vol. II, p.* 691.

Y. M. C. A.

The *Watchman*, organ of the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, for February, contains a long and interesting communication, from the Rev. W. Speer, formerly Missionary in China and San Francisco. He is thoroughly acquainted with Evangelistic work among the Chinese. He suggests that the Y. M. C. Associations are the proper channels through which to operate among the Chinese scattered abroad in the United States.

The Y. M. C. A. of Honolulu has for many years—ten at least—been engaged in this important work. It has supported a Colporteur in Honolulu, with remarkable success. Mr. Sit Moon, for several years was its agent for evangelistic work among his countrymen. The following are Dr. Speer's remarks on this subject :

"In determining the best instrumentalities for the purpose it would appear to be most appropriate and desirable that religious efforts in behalf of the Chinese in the United States should be performed through this general system of the Young Mens' Christian Associations. The reasons for this are important. The organizations of the associations exist probably in all the cities and towns where the Chinese are establishing themselves. They can work to an extent, and with a facility, which is not practicable to denominational boards and societies. Their doctrinal articles embrace and specially urge those fundamental and precious truths and principles of Christianity which are most essential in instructing heathen strangers. The conjoint efforts which they make relieve particular denominations of pecuniary requirements, which in some circumstances, would become to any of them alone onerous. They can gather and select from every source the interested and patient teachers which are needed in large numbers for the peculiar individual form of instruction that is given in the Chinese Sunday Schools. This kind of foreign missionary work is one which is calculated to be greatly and variously blessed in imparting spirituality and an elevated and fervent character to the aims and operations of the general body of the Christian associations, by bringing them more directly into the line of obedience to the last and great command of the risen and reigning Redeemer. It would give to an organization which represents the common Christianity, and most of the religious bodies, of the country more power in advocating its claims upon the sympathies, prayers and support of their memberships. And, finally, the adoption and maintenance of the Chinese work in the United States as a whole by such an organization would accomplish a most important and desirable national object in definitely arraying and pronouncing the Christian, enlightened and liberal sentiment of the nation, upon some of the great questions at issue concerning this people."

The Language of China.

This is monosyllabic, and each word expresses a complete idea or meaning. The gender, number, and case of words are not determined by the form of the words, but by the addition of other words. Thus, *people* in Chinese is *multitude ; son* is *man-child ; daughter* is *woman-child. The best of men* is in Chinese a *hundred man good.* The written character does not generally indicate the the word, but gives a hieroglyphic representation of the thing to be expressed. Hence, there must be as many characters as there are words to be expressed ; in all there are about 50,000. The characters are arranged in perpendicular columns, which follow one another from right to left. Chinese writing is picture writing, with the addition of a limited number of symbolic and conventional signs ; the larger number of Chinese characters are formed by the combination of hieroglyphs and signs. "Native grammarians divide their characters into six classes. The first class comprises simply pictorial representations of sensible objects, such as the sun, moon, mountains, etc., and contains 608 characters. The second class includes such characters as are formed by the combination of two or more simple hieroglyphs, which together convey, in a more or less intelligible manner, some other idea ; for example, hieroglyph for sun combined with that of moon, conveys the idea of light; mouth and bird, that of song, etc., of these there are 740. The third class embraces those characters which indicate certain relations of position ; as above, below, the numerals, etc.; of these there are 107. The fourth class consists of characters which, by being inverted, acquire an opposite signification ; as right, left, standing, lying, etc., and contains 372. The characters of the fifth class are termed derived characters; the meaning of the simple or compound characters used to express physical objects is transferred to mental objects, or to other physical objects with which they are associated, *e. g.*, the hieroglyph for a heart signifies the soul ; that for a room, signfies the wife, etc.; of these there are 598. The characters of the sixth class include those which are composed, as above mentioned, of sign and sound. Almost all names of plants, fishes, birds, and many other objects which it would be dificult to represent hieroglyphically, are described by the compound characters of the sixth class, which amount to 21,810 in number. As this class, however, consists merely of repetitions of the other five classes, the immense number of Chinese characters may be reduced to 2,425 ; and whoever learns these may be said to know them all."

There is no dialect that is common to the whole of China, as English is common to the whole United States, but each of the eighteen provinces has its own dialect, so that it is frequently very difficult to understand in one province if only the language of another province is used. The foundation of the written character is two hundred and fourteen root characters, which it is necessary to learn in order to write the language. The common dialects are not written, and the missionaries have had great trouble in translating the Scriptures into the common dialects from the want of characters.—*The Gospel in all Lands.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Manning lately met on the platform in London. Around them were Baptists, Presbyterians, Unitarians, Wesleyans, and Friends. The assemblage was made a unity by the force of one great purpose. They met to make protest against the traffic in opium in the East.

TOURS AMONG THE CHINESE, No. 1.

THE ISLAND OF OAHU.

"If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door."

Being aware of the kind and cordial interest which a number of Christian friends—both here and elsewhere—take in the missionary work among the Chinese on our Islands, I have thought that a few words in reference to a recent evangelistic tour which I was privileged to make among them might not be out of place in this issue of our "Chinese Supplement." Should circumstances favor, during the present year, this may be followed by brief sketches of similar tours on the other Islands. The recital must of necessity, in the present state of the work, be bare and destitute of those pleasing details which we may hope to look for when little Christian communities are more generally formed among this people, than is at present the case. We lack here, too, the romantic perspective which tends to impart a peculiar charm and softening color to naratives of missionary effort in distant heathen countries. But on the other hand, it may be said that the truly zealous christian finds God's work in all places, glorious, and his best delight in the advance of the Redeemer's Kingdom, at home or abroad. If in any way these simple sketches of initiatory missionary effort, can serve to fix the attention of christians more practically and definitely upon the truly great work which is here intrusted to us, and which calls so loudly for our practical support and earnest prayers, it will be a source of the greatest satisfaction to the writer

OUR ISLAND HOME.

In a little volume of essays and sketches by the late Mr. Fields, are some delightfully suggestive and and pleasant words about the charm and satisfaction of "Getting Home Again." This most genial and healthy of men, (with a heart where summer seemed always to linger, and love of his kind was king) had travelled much and seen many places, but his supreme pleasure was in coming back to the familiar and dear surroundings of home. He quotes as the text of this particular sketch to which I refer the words of an aged Chinese travelling Philosopher, who said long ago, "It is a good thing for every man, sooner or later to get back to his own tea-cup," *i, e* happy is the man, who after wandering up and down the earth, finds his own particular bit of the world, waiting to give him welcome again. The truth of this statement in its quaint and homely setting, I have abundantly realized in the past few days. The hills and the valeys between and the sea meeting the shore, and the sunlight kissing the shore and the sea, all seemed to bid me welcome, and to make me more in love than ever before with them. It has been a pleasure to feel that the years of absence had only served to quicken the old affection, and that the familiar features of this home-land lost nothing by comparison with other and more famous scenes in the world outside. Just because it is every day with us and near us we fail to appreciate the worth of our share in the world's gift of beauty. In fact many of us know nothing at all of it. Only the other day I was talking with a friend, who has been years on the Islands, who perhaps, is one of the first authorities in some respects in reference to matters in the Pacific, who told me he had never been around this Island, a thing which would have taken him a comparatively few hours to accomplish and which, I am sure, would have helped to deepen the love, I know he feels for our Island home.

ON THE WAY.

I was accompanied by my faithful friend, helper and teacher, Ho Ah Pui, who is at present employed by the Y. M. C. A., of Honolulu as colporteur for the Island of Oahu. He was educated in the Presbyterian Mission Training School in Canton, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Happer, and there labored for some time among his countrymen. After this he was employed in the service of the Chinese Mission in California for a number of years For the past two years he has been stationed on the island of Kauai, where he has been a conscientious and efficient worker. During this recent tour I have had abundant reason to feel grateful that we have here as assistant, one who could in so clear and enlightened a manner preach Christ to his own people in their native tongue, and my thoughts have often in these days reverted to those patient and believing Missionaries in China, who years ago helped to prepare him for this, to them unexpected field of usefulness. We took with us a plentiful supply of religious reading matter in the form of tracts, books and extracts from the Scriptures, which gave our saddle-bags in the out-set an exceedingly plethoric appearance, which however,lessened with every step of the way. We were favored from the beginning to the end of the journey with the most charming weather, and the country, plain and valley, was in its fairest dress, rejoicing in the verdure and beauty which the winter rains had brought it.

EWA.

But it was rather the people than the land that we came out to see, and to them we must come back. Our first day's ride took us as far as Ewa, only ten or eleven miles from Honolulu. Any one laboring for the Chinese, need never be at a loss for employment for a more omnipresent people it would be difficult to conceive of. Though there are but twelve or fourteen thousand of this race scattered over our Islands, no very great number, still when you come to consider that they are nearly all strong, healthy working *men*, in the prime of life, possessed of all the "push" and energy and tireless industry, for which this people is famous you can form some idea of how even this number must make themselves felt in this kingdom. All are at work, in motion, on the road, in the field. You meet them at every turn. From the first moment of our leaving Honolulu till our return it seemed as if we were kept constantly occupied. A few miles out from town the rice plantations begin, and form a fringe bordering the shore for a long distance. This is the season for planting the rice, and the men are busy in the marshy fields from early morning till evening. The wide expanses lying at the foot of the valleys are just now beginning to be covered with the tender shoots of the rice, which in a few weeks will grow into a swaying, luxuriant mass of verdure. It requires a steady head and considerable balancing to run along the narrow foot paths separating the fields, for every available inch of ground seems to be utilized, and no superfluous room is left for the pedestrian. But a little practice enables one to get over this difficulty. Off in the distance we would see a group of men bending to their work and it was not long before we were off our horses and hastening towards them, with our gift of books or papers or tracts At first we were eyed with considerable surprise, and were often-times, I imagine, regarded as some dread messengers of justice, armed with a warrant or something equally unpleasant. But as soon as they perceived that our errand was one of peace, we were always cordially welcomed, and our papers most kindly received, and a promise given to read them in the evening when the work was over. At one place near the harbor of Pearl River we were most hospitably received at the house of a well to-do Chinaman married to a half-caste woman. She has with her husband visited China, and speaks Chinese. Of course, here, as well as every where else, we were invited to take tea, a custom which I soon found was universal among the Chinese. No matter how poor the house might be, or how brief our visit, how humble its occupants, or occupied with business, the attention was never omitted, and proffered with a kindness and courtesy, which was often striking, considering the surroundings. Beyond this point was a large rice plantation with mill, where we left a plentiful supply of reading matter. These little cultivated valleys often present a very picturesque appearance. Here and there are grouped fine masses of tropical trees, and now and then a tall slender cocoanut tree springs above the common level of the other foliage. The great bay sparkles like a sheet of silver in the full light of the noon-sun. The old familiar land-mark of Diamond head seems sailing away in the distance, while the Waianae range is coming nearer. At another plantation which we visited,we found that the former colporteur for this Island was most pleasantly remembered, and the men were glad to receive our books and cordially pressed us to spend the night with them, but we felt it to be necessary to get further on that day. At the store at Waiewa we received a hearty welcome from the Chinese store-keeper who has been many years on the islands and who promised to make us as comfortable as might be in his power for the night, a promise which he abundantly redeemed. But for the Chinese, Ewa would be indeed a desolate place. The natives seem to have disappeared from the face of the land. But the former nationality have entered in most emphatically, to possess the land and their rice fields stretch in every direction. The large native Church stands sad and solitary on the hill, a mute and eloquent reminder of other days. In the hollow beneath are the old Mission premises where the oleanders bloom in rank and luxuriant beauty. I could not but recall, in contrast with the present, a description of Ewa written by Mr. E. O. Hall and published in the *Hawaiian Spectator* in 1839, where he speaks of the populous settlement of Ewa

and draws a pleasing picture of the natives assembling at early dawn "in great numbers to spend their accustomed hour in the worship of Jehovah." We started out soon after our arrival, hoping, if possible, to secure something of an audience among the laborers, on one of the rice plantations We found quite a company assembling for their supper and though we did our best to interest them and offered to wait till they were ready to hear our message, they did not seem desirous that we should hold a service among them So leaving some tracts with them, we trudged home in the rain, just a little down-hearted at our lack of outward success but praying to Him, whose work this is, another time to open these same hearts to the good news of Jesus Christ. Back at the store again, we found a little company who asked us to talk to them of the "Doctrine of Jesus," so that we passed a pleasant evening after all, telling to a motley but very courteous assembly, the simple, grand truths of the Gospel Our host's wife, a woman with "small feet," sat in an adjoining room, and listened with the others.

ON A RICE PLANTATION.

Up bright and early the next day, with a charming morning to welcome us. Our host very kindly fastened a little leaflet, containing an invitation to the church in Honolulu, with a text of Scripture, to his wall in a conspicuous place, so that all who visited the place might see it. This we have had done at all the Chinese stores, lying on our route Just as we were leaving, one of the boys from the Chinese school in Honolulu, a bright eyed young fellow, rode up to us. He was spending the vacation here, and as he knew the vicinity well, proved an excellent guide to a number of houses which we had yet to visit at Ewa. We found one or two families, and a number of children. It would certainly be a great benefit to the mission if in time we could have a boarding school in Honolulu, where these children from the out-districts could be gathered. Will not some of our friends help us in this matter? It would at first, of necessity be small, but would be productive of the very greatest good. Instead of taking the road which near this point leads to Waialua, we continued along the shore, purposing to reach Waianae on the following day We were occupied as on the first day out, in visiting one rice plantation after another. Happening to come at noon to a large Chinese house at Waiole, we found the men taking their "nooning" and had an excellent opportunity of holding a service with some twenty or more of them, concluding with a prayer. At a number of points we saw evidences of the heathen beliefs of the Chinese. In one of the fields a little shrine with candles was arranged. Towards evening we reached Honouliuli, where the whole valley is leased to rice planters. Intimating our desire to hold a service, we were most kindly received by the manager, who did everything in his power to assist us, sending out word for the men to come in the evening. A company of fifty or sixty men assembled, in the main room of one of the houses. We had brought with us from Honolulu cloth rolls, on which the Lord's Prayer, Verses from the 3d of John, beginning "God so loved the world," the hymn "Come to Jesus," and other appropriate selections were written in large Chinese characters. These fastened on the wall gave something of a chapel-like appearance to the different rooms in which we held our gatherings. On this evening as at all our services, the colporteur preached in Chinese, after which I said a few words in English interpreted by him, in reference to the object of our visit, and the desire Christian friends felt to advance the mission work among the Chinese, and the purpose of the Hawaiian Board to carry it forward, and calling upon them to accept the true God and His Son, Jesus Christ. It was perhaps the first time that some of them had ever heard of Jesus and His love for sinful men, and it seemed to us to be a precious privilege to tell them of their "best Friend." This was one of the largest rice plantations we visited. Sometimes two or three men only, have a few fields which they cultivate for themselves, and we often too came upon houses where there were eight or ten men working their own land. But the larger plantations are owned by merchants in Honolulu, who have a manager acting for them. The houses are destitute of all but the barest necessities of life, except those of some of the more wealthy planters. The wood-work is unpainted. The beds are arranged around the room like berths in a ship. Sometimes these are quite prettily ornamented with a border above the netting of Chinese silk, on which graceful sprays of flowers are painted and Chinese characters written. In the center of the room is a large table where the meals are taken in common. They never need lack for rice, and of this most excellent article of diet they seem never to weary. In many of the houses we saw large pictures of their favorite God, with joss-sticks sometimes standing before it. As this was shortly after their "New Year," the vermilion colored visiting cards received at that season, were arranged in rows on the wall. Over all the doors and windows were pasted slips of the same brilliant paper, on which a variety of propitious wishes, for the occupants of the house and their visitors were written. Many of these were in reference to becoming rich, enjoying length of days etc. One was, I thought, a very pleasant one to have over any door, "*Out-going, In-coming, Peace!*" But on the rice and sugar plantations I was saddened by the sight of so many men, without women and children. It seemed unnatural inhuman, this herding together in "quarters," of scores of laborers, as if they were so many animals. We speak of Chinese Immigration to these islands. It is properly speaking no immigration, it is simply the transplanting of so many working machines to our fields and valleys. These same men would be better, more desirable laborers if they had their wives and little ones with them. And how much of an impetus would be given to the missionary work, if there were here little children, who would help us in getting at the *father's heart!*

WAIANAE.

After a long, hot ride around Barbers Point, it is very pleasant to catch sight of the little settlement of Waianae, with its pretty Church, its Sugar Plantation, and white cottages nestling among the cocoanut trees near the ocean, with a blue misty valley in the back-ground. A large number of Chinamen are employed on the plantation, and we found them ready to come out to our meetings. The native minister stationed here is a faithful and good man and was of great service to us. As we arrived here on Saturday, we held a service in the evening, and one on the following day at noon. The little Church was filled with Chinese and Natives. At both meetings, the choir of the Church sang several hymns and as we had one or two of these written in their language the Chinese had an opportunity of forming some idea of Christian hymns and music. I think this was the first time a Christian service had been held among the Chinese at Waianae. One of the men welcomed us most cordially. He has lately been at the hospital in Honolulu, where we had become acquainted with him. He is, I trust a Christian or one certainly "coming into the light." Formerly he attended Mr. Gibson's school in California, where he received religious instruction. I trust he may yet be enrolled among our church-members. It was most pleasant to have the cordial help and co-operation of the Hawaiian Christians here. They have been holding a series of revival meetings which some of the Chinese have attended.

WAIALUA.

Early Monday morning, we crossed through the "Gap" over the Waianae range, to Waialua. This was the first time I had ever made the journey and I was delighted with it. If any one desires an especially fine view, I would advise him, if the weather has not been rainy, to take this excursion. The ascent of the *pali* is not difficult, and from the summit, he has a superb view of the blue Pacific in the distance, a wide-spreading valley at his feet, while nearer are bold and picturesque peaks clothed with verdure. On the other side are miles of fine grazing land, where a canter over the dry, crisp turf is inspiriting indeed. The welcome, which had so often, in other days made me as a boy love to come down to Waialua, was still awaiting me at the old Mission House near the river. There are not more than a hundred Chinamen in all the Waialua district. I should think some thirty or forty of them are on the Sugar Plantation, and the rest are traders or workers on the rice plantation Both evenings we spent at Waialua, we held services The first night at the store in the village, where only a few were present as we had arrived so late that we had not had time to visit more. The following day we spent in going from one house to another, and in visiting the men at the mill and in the fields. The keeper of the principal Chinese store, proposed that we should hold an evening service at his store near the plantation. The little "Coffee Room" was filled to overflowing with Chinese and on the verandah, which was ornamented in our honor with Chinese lanterns, there were both Chinese and Natives. Some of them came from a considerable distance, rather to my surprise, for after working hard all day, this was a good deal to ask of them. The native Minister, Mr. Timoteo, helped us in our service, in the most

(*Concluded on Page* 8).

The Great Famine-Cry.

"Tell your people how fast we are dying; and ask if they cannot send the Gospel a little faster."—*Words of a heathen Woman.*

HARK! the wail of heathen nation;
List! the Cry comes back again,
With its solemn, sad reproaching,
With its piteous refrain:
"We are dying fast of hunger,
Starving for the Bread of Life!
Haste, oh, hasten! ere we perish,
Send the messengers of life!

"Send the Gospel faster, swifter,
Ye who dwell in Christian lands;
Read ye not we're dying, dying,
More in number than the sands!
Heed ye not His words—your Master!
'Go ye forth to all the world'?
Send the Gospel faster, faster—
Let its banner be unfurled!"

Christian! can you sit in silence
While this cry fills all the air,
Or content yourself with giving
Merely what you "well can spare"?
Will you make your God a beggar
When He asks but for "His own"?
Will you dole him, from your treasure,
A poor pittance, as a loan?

Shame, oh shame! for very blushing
E'en the sun might veil his face:
"Robbing God"—ay, of His honor,
While presuming on His grace!
Keeping back His richest blessing
By withholding half the "price"
Consecrated to His service:
Perjured, perjured, perjured thrice?

While you dwell in peace and plenty,
"Store and basket" running o'er.
Will you cast to these poor pleaders
Only crumbs upon your floor?
Can you sleep upon your pillow
With a heart and soul at rest,
While, upon the treacherous billow,
Souls you might have saved are lost?

Hear ye not the tramp of nations
Marching on to Day of Doom?
See them falling, dropping swiftly,
Like the leaves, into the tomb;
Souls for whom Christ died are dying,
While the ceaseless tramp goes by;
Can you shut your ears, O Christian,
To their ceaseless moan and cry?

Hearken! Hush your own heart-beating,
While the death-march passeth by—
Tramp, tramp, tramp! the beat of nations,
Never-ceasing, yet they die—
Die unheeded, while you slumber,
Millions strewing all the way;
Victims of your sloth and "selfishness"—
Ay, of mine and thine to-day!

When the Master comes to meet us,
For this loss what will He say?
"*I* was hungered, did ye feed me?
I asked bread, ye turned away!
I was dying, in my prison
Ye ne'er came to visit me!"
And swift witnesses those victims
Standing by will surely be.

Sound the trumpet! wake God's people!
"Walks" not Christ amid His flock?
Sits He not "against the Treasury"?
Shall He stand without and knock—
Knock in vain, to come and feast us?
Open, *open*, heart and hands!
And as surely His best blessings
Shall o'erflow all hearts, all lands.

Smyrna, 1879. MARIA A. WEST.

The Literary Labors of the Missionaries in China.

Missionary labors among the Chinese were commenced by the Rev. Joshua Marshman at Serampore, India, in 1799. The first Missionary in China was the Rev. Dr. Morrison, who arrived there in September, 1807. From that time to the present the number of Protestant Missionaries who have labored in that country is said to be three hundred and thirty-eight. A volume has recently been published, at Shanghai, giving brief biographies of the whole number. From it the following interesting statements, concerning the literary labors of Missionaries, are taken.

"Eleven Protestant Missionaries to China have published in Chinese, English and other languages more than twenty volumes each. The most voluminous author of the number is Dr. Medhurst, who published 63 works in Chinese, 29 in English, and 7 in Malay. The entire number of works printed in Chinese by these eleven Missionaries is 319; in English, 91; in Malay, 7; in Japanese, 2; in Siamese, 1; in German, 7; and in Dutch, 5. Some of the most important works are by Missionaries who have issued less than 20.

"There have been printed in China, in Chinese, 28 translations of the Scriptures or portions of Scripture; 30 commentaries on portions of the Bible; several versions of the Book of Common Prayer, in whole or in part; 232 theological works; 12 books of sacred biography; 37 catechisms; 8 hymn-books; 11 works of an educational character; 18 histories; 3 works on government; 14 geographies; 8 mathematical works; 6 astronomical works; 13 medical works; 4 works on physics; 12 almanacs; 12 serials, and 13 miscellaneous works; total, 490.

"Among the works translated and published in the Chinese language are Wheaton's work on International Law, Hobson's Medical and Physiological Works, Euclid's Geometry, Herschel's Astronomy, and Whewell's Mechanics.

"The whole number of works in various languages, printed in China under the auspices of Protestant Missionaries, is, in Chinese, 490; in English, 232; in Dutch, 6; in German, 8; in Mongolian, 1; Malay, 9: in Japanese, 2; in Siamese, 1; total, 749."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S CORNER.

A Missionary Dialogue on China.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

MOTHER. What shall our subject be for this evening?

HARRY. You promised to tell us about the Chinese.

MOTHER. Yes, I remember now. Well, can you tell where the Chinese live?

AMY. In China.

MOTHER. Where is China?

HARRY. In the southeastern part of Asia.

MOTHER. Yes, the Chinese Empire is the oldest in the world, and comprises one third of Asia. It is so large that you could lay the United States on it, annd then have room enough around the margin for half a dozen countries the size of Great Britain and Ireland.

HARRY. Isn't there a wall around China?

MOTHER. Yes, the great Chinese Wall was built two thousand years ago. It is about 30 feet high, 16 feet broad, and fifteen hundred miles long.

AMY. There must be a great many people living in such a large country as China.

MOTHER. There are four hundred millions of people in the Chinese Empire, which are as many as Europe, and North and South America combined.

HARRY. I should't like to be the king to govern so many people.

MOTHER. He is not called a king, but an Emperor, and you'll perhaps be surprised to learn that the present Emperor, little *Kwang Su*, is only ten years old.

HARRY. Ten years old! Why what can such a little mite as that do in governing a country?

MOTHER. He really does not govern now, that being done by some one called a regent: but he will be trained and educated, so that when he becomes old enough he can take his proper place at the head of this great Empire, and govern the people, we hope, wisely and well.

AMY. Why did they make such a little boy as that Emperor?

MOTHER. The Chinese have a custom of worshiping their dead forefathers or ancestors. Even the Emperor is obliged to worship the one who precedes him on the throne; and, as the younger always worship the older, it is necessary that the one who succeeds to the throne must be younger than the dead emperor whom he worships. *Tung Chi*, the former Emperor, was quite young also, and when he died there was no one in the royal family that would answer to take his place but thie little boy between three and four years old. He was accordingly crown-

ed Emperor, and given the name of *Kwang Su*.

AMY. It seems as bad as worshipping idols to worship the dead.

MOTHER. This Ancestral Worship is not a religious rite, but only maintained out of filial respect and obedience to their fathers and grandfathers who have died.

HARRY Is it true that they carry clothes and food to the graves of their friends?

MOTHER. Yes. When a man dies they believe he goes to the spirit world, where he needs just such things as he enjoyed or found necessary in this world; and so they carry food, money, and clothing to the grave, not only when he dies, but once every year and burn it there, believing that he will receive it through that means They also believe, that if a man's friends neglect to supply his wants after he is dead, that he has the power of returning and punishing them.

HARRY. You said that the Ancestral Worship was not a part of their religion. Don't they worship idols?

MOTHER. Yes, and a great many of them. They have a famous temple at Canton containing five hundred images. It is called "The Temple of Five Hundred Gods," and people go there at all hours of the day to worship and present their offerings.

AMY. Do they have any other gods besides these?

MOTHER. Yes, there are gods for most every thing. They have a sea-god, and a god of war; a god to help them in sickness; one to help them in business; and another to help the students succeed in their studies.

AMY. Do they really belive that their gods can help them?

MOTHER. They do, and go to them with even more faith, I am sorry to say, than some Christians go to their Heavenly Father in time of need.

HARRY, Have they many temples in China?

MOTHER. Nearly every god has a temple; and besides the great Temple of Five Hundred Gods at Canton, there is the "Temple of Heaven" at Pekin, which has altars inside, where they offer sacrifices to the memory of former emperors. Then they have at the same place a temple to Confucius, their great prophet, whom they worship through a tablet with his name inscribed on it, as they have no statue of him in the temple.

HARRY. Does no one worship our God in China?

MOTHER. Oh, yes. For many years the missionaries have been out there preaching the Gospel, and many have been converted. Some of these are now trying to teach their own people and help them to become Christians.

AMY. Do they have any schools there?

MOTHER Yes, the missionaries establish schools not only for the children, but for grown people too, where they are taught to read and write, besides many other useful branches of study and work.

HARRY. Didn't the children ever go to school before the missionaries went there?

MOTHER. The boys used to go, but they did not study geography, grammar, and arithmetic as you do; but the writings of their great prophet Confucius. The girls were seldom sent to school or taught to read at home.

AMY. How strange. Are they never taught anything else?

MOTHER. They are taught to work, which is about the only thing they are considered good for. Indeed, a woman's life in all heathen countries is a hard one at best. Among the higher classes they are kept shut up in the house most of the time, passing their days in idleness; while among the poorer classes they do all the rough, out door work, and are treated more like beasts of burden than human beings.

AMY. Poor things! Why do they treat them so?

MOTHER. Because they do not feel the love and respect for women there that they do in Christian countries. Indeed girls are never welcome in a family; and those parents who have too many will either kill their little girl babies or give them away to get rid of the disgrace.

AMY. Do the Chinese women have very small feet?

MOTHER. The ladies of rank are required to have small feet, as a mark of their gentility; but the working women all have large feet.

HARRY. How do they make their feet so small?

MOTHER. When quite young their feet are bandaged very tight, with the toes pressed under the foot toward the heel, and kept in that position until the feet are dead and stop growing.

AMY. Don't it hurt them?

MOTHET. It causes them very great suffering, especially when the bandages are removed to have the feet washed and clean cloths replaced. At such times they cry out in agony; but such is the force of custom and the dread of disgrace, that they would rather endure the greatest pain than the shame of large feet when grown.

AMY. I shouldn't think they could walk with such little feet.

MOTHER. They cannot walk. Their feet are not larger than a child's four years old and they only hobble along in the most awkward way. But then, as the Chinese ladies sit so much in the house, and are carried in a palanquin or chair by slaves when they go out, they have very little walking to do, and never miss the use of their feet.

HARRY. Do the Chinese get drunk?

MOTHER. In their own country the Chinese do not drink intoxicating liquors; but they smoke opium, which is quite as bad, if not worse.

HARRY. How do they take it?

MOTHER. It is boiled until it become as thick as molasses. Then a needle is thrust in and twisted around until a ball is made the size of a pea. This is held in the flame until heated, and then put in a little orifice in the top of the pipe.

HARRY How does it hurt them?

MOTHER. An opium smoker always reclines on a bed or bench when smoking, because it stupifies him and puts him to sleep. Just as the drunkard is never satisfied unless under the influence of liquor, so the opium-smoker never feels well or happy if he is not under the influence of his favorite drug. Indeed he becomes sick and miserable and often suffers pain if he cannot get it. He neglects his business, his property goes, his family are reduced to want, and sometimes even sold, that he may have money to buy opium. He becomes a total wreck, mentally and physically, until death ends his life here.

AMY. I am glad we do not live in a country where they do such dreadful things.

MOTHER. We should be careful not to pride ourselves upon our superior goodness, but rather feel thankful that we live in a Christian land, where the pure light of the Gospel has kept away and made impossible those dark heathenish customs and vices which darken other lands and degrade other souls.

HARRY. Don't the missionaries tell them how wicked these things are?

MOTHER Certainly; and they are still working faithfully among them. More than 700 good men and women are giving their time in teaching and helping these people. Nearly twenty thousand of them have been converted, and are now living good Christian lives; but there are still a great many who have not heard of Jesus. We can do much, not only by giving our money, but by praying for those who are laboring among the heathen, that God would help and bless them and soon send the day when the whole world will know and love the Saviour who has done so much for them.—*The Gospel in all Lands.*

Here on the Hawaiian Islands we know of a number of youthful Missionaries who are already working among the Chinese. We have no need of going to China, for we have plenty to do here. Now if all our boys and girls would try to help on the good work here, what grand results would follow! Let us see how much we can do this year.—[ED.]

pleasant manner. He is a graduate of Dr. Hyde's Theological School in Honolulu and appears to be a most worthy man. He is most highly spoken of. The little Parsonage which has been recently completed, is a very comfortable and t steful home, for him and his wife. It would be well for our Hawaiian people if they could have more such men. Several American and English friends were present, so that we had quite a cosmopolitan gathering. I think I never saw a more attentive and apparently interested company. We told them of Christ, and our hope that all the Chinese on these Islands would yet become His followers. This was our message. How deeply it sank into their hearts only He knows in whom we trust and to whom we leave the result. There are kind Christian friends in Waialua, who are interested in this work among the Chinese, and who are doing what they can to influence them to do right. I trust we may yet hear of some being brought to Christ.

PUNALUU.

A ride from Waialua to Kahuku with a bright sun over head, a fresh breeze in one's face, and the gay, joyous companionship of the sea breaking on the shore, in a cloud of silvery spray, is tha best medicine imaginable for a tired body and brain. Here the winds and waves seem to have possession. We found only one company of rice-growers by the way, and sundry solitary horsemen on the road. At Kahuku there were a few more. Then back of the settlement at Laie we found several Chinese houses, at which we left something for the men to read in the evening. Sometimes at the close of the day, my thoughts would revert to the little companies of "readers" whom we had left behind us. For one evening at least, I could feel that their thoughts were led to a higher range than that of crops and bargains and sales. At Punaluu we were most kindly entertained at the principal rice plantation, and here we spent two nights. On the first evening we held a meeting with the laborers on this plantation. The owner has for some time past been inclining towards Christianity and we noticed that the influence of his example made the people peculiarly ready to listen to us. The broad plains of Punaluu have been converted into one immense rice field. Chinese houses may be seen in every direction. We spent one day visiting from house to house and asking the men to attend our service in the evening. This was held in the native school house by the sea-shore. We procured some candles from the neighboring store and had quite an illumination. The little room was crowded with Chinese, who came from the valley and from along the shore. I have attended many imposing services in stately cathedrals of the old world, but I think none ever touched me so much as this hour of worship in the humble school house by the sea. For music we had the deep, solemn harmony of the ocean breaking in measured cadence on the moonlit shore. God grant that the seed here sown may yet spring up into abundant life.

KANEOHE.

Instead of a few days for this part of the Island we should have had as many weeks. The beautiful valleys extending from Punaluu for miles along the shore, from the sea to the base of mountains, are given over to rice growing, and this is all in the hands of the Chinese. All day long we were busy with our visits. Sometimes our way led us up into the most beautiful and picturesque ravines, whose bottoms are sown with rice, and cultivated in the most skilful manner. At Waikane, we were welcomed by good "Brother Nathaniel," baptized some years since and a member of the Chinese Church in Honolulu. He was overjoyed to see us and prepared a most welcome lunch for us. He and his native wife have a pleasant house and pretty garden near the main road and seem to be doing well in their business. He appears to be faithfully holding on to the right way and it was indeed a pleasure to meet and talk with him. At Kailua we found a large number of Chinese, but though we spent a night here the way did not seem to open for us to hold a service with them. The influences are most adverse in many ways to Christian teaching and our most earnest prayers should go up for those living here. Farther on we visited a sugar plantation, where we were most kindly received. At Heeia, we preached on Saturday evening. Among those present was one of the boys from the school in Honolulu, who was delighted to see us. At Kaneohe, on the Sabbath following we had, at noontime, another meeting in the native Church. Between twenty and thirty present. One Chinaman, who belongs to the Catholic Church, urged us to come often. The native choir helped us most kindly with the singing. A young student from Dr. Hyde's Training School was present, and was most kind as were all the natives. Here at Kaneohe we saw a large house, which belongs, I was told, to the "Triad Organization," a very pernicious and dangerous secret union among the Chinese, which is spreading on our Islands, and which the Government should put a stop to, so far as possible. Here I saw a most elaborate shrine of "Kwan Ti," the God of War. This is the favorite God of the Chinese here, and in scores of houses I saw his picture. Of this deity and of the society mentioned above I shall take occasion to speak at another time.

KAILUA AND WAIMANALO.

The "other side" as we of Honolulu say, is looking its fairest just now. Any thing more charming than a canter over its plains and up its valleys, it would be difficult to conceive of. At Kailua we received a most cordial welcome from the proprietor of one of the largest rice plantations who did every thing in his power to assist us in our work. He has been many years on the Islands and says that here is home to him, a home dearer than China, which is a great deal of a concession for one of his race to make. He has married here, and has a pleasant home and family. At this point we met in the evening a company of Chinese, perhaps thirty or forty in all. At Waimanalo there are on the sugar and rice plantations some three or four hundred Chinamen. We spent one day in visiting them. In the evening we held a service at the sugar mill. As there was no room large enough for our purpose, we had our meeting out of doors. A large company was present and we distributed most of the books and tracts which we had remaining. From Waimanalo we returned directly to Honolulu.

OUR WORK.

This is now the early spring-time of our work. To many it may seem as if there was but little to encourage us. But it is for us to plant the good seed, and to go forwad hopefully, joyfully. I feel that we have *great reason* for encouragement. The more I come in contact with this people, the more I am led to feel that it is indeed a precious privilege to be allowed to labor in their behalf.

FRANK W. DAMON.

Superintendent of the Chinese Mission.

Honolulu, March 23, 1882.

Mission Items.

THE Christian Chinese of Paia, Maui, continue to hold their Sabbath services. It is hoped that steps may soon be taken towards erecting a small chapel there.

THOUGH the day school is not supported directly by the mission, it may here be mentioned that there are now in attendance thirty-seven children and five adults. Most acceptable gifts have been received from the Fort Street and Bethel Sabbath Schools in the form of singing books.

A "CALL" has recently been sent to China for some one to fill the position of Acting Pastor for the Honolulu congregation left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Sit Moon, who labored so faithfully for some years here. He is now at Kohala. We trust that his health, which is far from good, will be improved by a season of rest. At present the Sabbath exercises are conducted by different members of the Church.

IT may not be generally known that already the mission work in China is receiving aid from our Islands. But we are most pleased to state that such is the case. One of our Christian Chinese who has prospered here in worldly matters, but best of all, is growing more and more in spiritual things, has long desired to see the good work begun in the Hakka village which he left years ago. A few months since the way seemed to open for the fulfillment of this desire. He sent his nephew, a member of the Church in Honolulu to Hong Kong, to confer with the Rev. Mr Lechler, of the Basle Mission, in reference to the matter. This warm-hearted and devoted worker interested himself actively in the undertaking. The young man was married to a worthy Christian woman. Mr. Lechler sent his best evangelist to accompany them, and the little company of "light-bringers" were soon on their way to the Hakka country. In his native village our friend has already erected a school-house. We learned by the last mail from these Christian workers that they had received a most cordial welcome, and that they were preaching the Gospel to the people. All the expenses of this missionary enterprise are defrayed by our friend in Honolulu. From our standpoint, it seems to us a high honor for Hawaii nei, that from its shores such influences should be going back to the great Empire of China. Let us most fervently pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon this new and interesting missionary enterprise.